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PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER.
James McNeil Whistler.

Courtesy E. Hogeboom, '07.

Center of Vision.

Vol. II. BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, MAY, 1904. No. 8.

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The June Center of Vision will be out Saturday, June 4. It will be an extra fine souvenir number, containing many additional pages, half-tones of the school, inside and out, the staff of the paper, the graduating class, etc.; cartoons and caricatures, clubs news and emblems, a directory of all the pupils in the school, several pages of humorous quotations from local authors, and a score of other interesting features. The

price will be twenty-five cents, and as it is desirable to know beforehand approximately how many will be sold, the class editors will begin at once to take subscriptions, so if you wish to be sure of obtaining a copy you would do well to deposit your quarter with your class editor as soon as possible.

It has seemed advisable to extend the time for contributions to the June number to be in. Cover designs and all drawings will be received before May 24, and manuscript up till May 27. These dates are absolutely the latest possible. We greatly desire that the cover design should excel all previous ones. Don't leave it for the other fellow to do. Try designing one yourself. And caricatures. We want every one in the school to hand in at least one caricature of a schoolmate, preferably of one of the graduating class. Do it in India ink on white card six inches square. Use bold, simple strokes. Remember, the best caricature is the one that tells the story with the fewest lines. Let every club in the school send in a brief account of its year's work, with names of members, and club emblem. Let every one of the 365 pupils and teachers of this school feel that the success of the June number rests upon you!

Pupils leaving school before June 4 can arrange to have their June number sent to them by leaving their address with any member of the staff.

The Glee Club concert realized all expectations. Who, having seen the posters that mysteriously appeared and disappeared in all parts of our building this month, could think of higher praise? Praise is not due alone to Mr. Baker, or Mr. Klar, or Mr. Calderwood, or any individual member of the club, but rather to the magnificent spirit of unity and loyalty that animated all concerned. This is the spirit which the CENTER OF VISION was planned to awaken, and gradually we are seeing our hopes realized. Let the good work go on.

In our last number we asked for estimates of living expenses. We knew that this was a personal question, but did not suppose that the whole school would ignore it, considering the object for which we ask. When you were first considering the advisability of entering this school, would you not have been glad to know a little about your probable expenses, more than that fees were $5 a term? Come, now, don't be backward in coming forward.

The Treasures of Fenway Court

For a glimpse of Italy and the treasures of the Old World, with such a genuine representation, too, we could hardly do better than to visit the beautiful Gardner Museum in the Fenway.

Passing through the Renaissance marble doorway, guarded by queer Gothic stone lions, we catch at the first moment, through the twilight gloom of the little hallway, a glimpse of the beautiful picture which we retain longest of all in our memory, perhaps, that of the court itself. Coming from the cold winter air outside into this court seems like passing into another world; here is eternal summer, with singing of birds, bewildering colors, and fragrance of flowers and plants, and the soft dripping of water in the beautiful Venetian fountain. Through the foliage glisten ancient marble statues; and all the balconies, windows, columns, stairways, all are genuine, brought direct from Venice. In the centre of the court is an old Roman mosaic pavement, while 'round it run the cloisters, sheltering two old Gothic altars, a Roman sarcophagus of marble, old Italian wooden seats, a gem of Arab sculpture taken from the Mosque of Bokhara early in the fifteenth century. In the wall are set some Byzantine altar stones; the floor is of ancient flagging.

Then, passing up the stairs, we come to the Chinese room, bewildering in its gorgeous and fantastic display. The door, of Florentine intarsia work, is very beautiful, as are all the doors of the palace. The room contains a chest of Chinese porcelains, a Chinese temple table, a beautiful inlaid cabinet, containing some exquisitely decorated European porcelains, among them a set belonging to Marie Antoinette, besides numerous wonderful vases, curios, screens, and some beautiful, queerly-shaped chairs. On the wall is an exquisitely embroidered hanging from the winter palace at Pekin.

The adjacent Raphael room has among its treasures two real Raphaels, one a little "Pieta," once part of the predella for the San Antonio altar at Perugia, painted in 1505, in his early Peruginesque style, delicate and shy. The other is a portrait of Inghirami, who was Librarian of the Vatican under Julius II. The picture had always been in his castle at Volterra. Then there is Fra Angelico's "Death and Assumption of the Virgin," with its graceful, buoyant angel choir in gorgeous raiment against a gold background; besides two "Annunciations," by Agnolo Gaddi and Fiorenzi di Lorenzi, and "Head of a Man," by Masaccio.

A most fascinating apartment is the Dutch room, with its painted wood ceiling from Rome, its carved wood Gothic doors, and its beautiful

panelled and green shaded walls, which harmonize so perfectly with everything there. A triple Venetian window opens directly on a little balcony overhanging the court, with marble steps leading down to the marble fountain below. Among the paintings are four Rembrandts, a landscape, a fascinating portrait of himself when a youth, portrait of a burgomaster and his wife, and a wonderful "Storm at Sea"; also a portrait of Rubens, Van der Meer's "Concert," one of his finest works, Sir Anthony More's "Mary Tudor," and portraits by Van Dyck, Durer, and Holbein, besides small sketches. The room also contains a carved wood cabinet of old silver, a sofa embroidered by the nuns of Rocroi in 1620, and an Italian Renaissance fireplace, with two cabinets which belonged to Napoleon at Elba.

In the gallery leading to the Veronese room is a portrait by Tintoretto. The ceiling of the Veronese room represents the "Coronation of Hebe" by the great master. The wall hangings are of Italian and Spanish leather, and at the left is a Venetian fireplace and mirror of carved wood. An interesting object is the old sedan chair, with its painted panels and coat of arms, with coronet, belonging to the Earl of Clarendon, 1667. Other curios are a toilet table of Venetian lacquer, an antique Florentine silver lamp, old candelabra and clock, a black Madonna and child of old Murano glass, and several beautiful fantastic chairs.

In the Titian room is one of six famous halberds, with beautifully etched and inlaid blades and handles; two belong to the German emperor, two to the king of Italy, and one to the family of Pope Paul V., who first owned them. Most wonderful of all the paintings is Titian's "Rape of Europa," painted for Philip II. as a dower; in the left-hand corner, in gold capital letters, is "Titianus pinxit." Other celebrated pictures are Giorgione's "Head of Christ," Titian's "Anne of Austria and Her Mother," a Correggio, and Velasquez's "Philip II.," the head and hands especially wonderfully painted. There are also some gold chairs from the Borghese Palace, Rome, and two Venetian marble and gold tables.

In the long gallery beyond are two Botticellis and a Giotto; the Chigi Botticelli, "Madonna aux Epis," the faces of which have their characteristic look of intellectual refinement and emotion. Giotto's "Presentation of Christ in the Temple" is painted on wood, with a gold background; the faces are very human and expressive. As for curios, the gallery contains tapestries, a silver hanging lamp from a Spanish convent, a prie-dieu of Italian inlaid wood, and an oratory from a Venetian monastery.

It would take long to tell of all the wonders to be seen there, time and space permitting, and I can only say that I hope it may sometime be the privilege of all to see for themselves what I have but inadequately described. M. Rosamond Coolidge, '05.

How We Caught the Mouse

We had just eaten supper. I had settled down to read the evening paper, while my mother and aunts cleared off the table.

I had reached an interesting murder case, when my attention was attracted by excited whispers from the pantry. "I'm sure I heard a mouse. There! There!! Hear him," with a little scream. "Will, William! Come here and see if you can find this mouse!"

I was disgusted. I never like to be interrupted when I'm reading, least of all for the purpose of finding mice. I haven't any use for them after they are found. But I laid down my paper and went into the pantry. "Where is your mouse?"

"There, over there," was the answer. "Very definite," thought I, but the women were gone. I could hear them in the dining-room wildly speculating on where the mouse could have come from, and where he might go in case I should miss him. One aunt was almost in hysterics. "My chamber door is ajar, and I'm sure he'll get in there!"

I climbed up on a shelf and listened in the direction indicated. "Guess that 'there' is all in your imagination," I thought, and started to get down, when, what was that? A faint, but distinct, squeal such as that made by a mouse when he doesn't know you're listening. "Jiminy," thought I, "I guess they were right, and it comes from right behind those jars of preserves. I can't hold the lamp with one hand, move the jars with another, and catch the mouse with another. I haven't hands enough to go 'round. I must have help. So I called out, "I've located your mouse. Send Bert in here to hold the light, and I'll catch him." Bert came. The dining-room door slammed behind him.

"Where is he?" asked Bert.

"Right here, behind these jars of preserves," said I, and began cautiously to move the jars. As I moved the second, the squealing grew louder, and I located it. The light of a great revelation dawned upon me.

My aunts, with skirts drawn close about them, and armed with pokers, etc., were timorously crowding about the door. "Have you got him?" breathlessly demanded one. "Yes, here he is, take him," answered I, suddenly thrusting the now sizzling bottle of preserves into her hand. "The name of your mouse is Ferment."—Uncle Martin.

The Runaway Girl

"Yes, Bob, most fellows were struck immediately. You ask why?"

"She was certainly the most captivating little witch that I ever saw. She was not meant for a co-educational institution, anyway. She ought to have been—shut up—well, anywhere so that men could not gaze on her. Clever at the fine arts, cleverer still with those beastly coquettish eyes of hers, and as a conversationalist she was brilliant. Yet, Bob, I'm not saying but what I was an unsophisticated jackass when I met her. Freshmen usually are dreadfully green, and I was with the majority."

"But, I say, Doc, old boy, tell me all about it; perhaps I can help you in the future; you know, I'm mature now, and am what 'Chimmie' would call a 'wise guy.'"

Whack!!! A hearty slap came down on "Doc" Langham's back; a heavy sigh, mingled with the propping of a back against the settee, a couple of coat collars turned up, for mountain evenings are extremely chilly, and recollections of a bachelor's experience were forthcoming.

"But before you begin, 'Doc,' throw away that rank weed." Zip!!! Even the clear air protested. White Mountain hotels sell fierce stuff—in the tobacco line.

"Well, you see, Bob, it was this way. You know what a 'Rube' I was when I entered the Freshman class. I had had absolutely no experience in anything, at least it seems so to me now. In fact, after I got through the 'exams,' it seemed as if I never knew less in my life. Well, as school went on, I was thrown in with the girl perhaps more than any other fellow, and of course, certainly, human nature, I got stuck on her. Bob, I thought she was a dream. She was so glib with her praises of my work (yes, I know I'm susceptible to flattery), so coquettish in her ways, yet I knew not what a flirt was before, so sincere in what she said; I've found out since girls have weak consciences, that I was bewildered, yes, bewildered at this new species of humanity."

"Oh, you're coming, 'Doc,' old man, you're coming. You've got a great amount yet to digest."

"Well, Bob, I was easy, and they told me so, but love is blind, you know. I accepted the laugh.

"I took her around and gave her good times such as any fellow would who reverences a girl. Till the final day came. Bob, it was rich. It happened thus: Her drawing was done. The studio was in a hubbub. The schoolmarms below were having 'exams,' and wild confusion reigned on the Freshman floor. 'Fluffy' was asleep in his private room, and 'A. K.' was at the Museum, while 'Vesper L.' was designing wall paper for a 'Rathskeller'!

"Yes, her masterpiece was done. She was proud of it. Being accustomed to praise, and nothing but praise, she had been spoiled.

"She came running to me. 'Look at my drawing! Isn't it fine?'

"Brute that I was, I told her the truth straight. I had to tell her.

" 'Well, to tell the truth, I don't like it.'

" 'That means you think it is bad?'

" 'Well, I think it could be much better.'

" 'Oh, you brute!'

" 'Think so?'

" 'Yes!!'

" 'Then why do you talk to brutes?'

" 'I thought—er——'

" 'Yes, I know what you wanted me to say.'

" 'Say no more!!!' and a mighty stamp of her little foot.

"Why, Bob, I really saw her ankle.

" 'You asked me?'

" 'Yes, I know it!'

" 'Have they accepted it?'

" 'I don't dare to show it.'

" 'How long on it?'

" 'Two weeks.'

" 'I'll fix it better, however.'

"Well, we didn't speak for a week. She cut me and I cut her. In the lectures she sat in the front seats, and I always saw her back. When I think of it now, the back of her head looked more peaceful than the front.

"One dreary, rainy day in May she came running up to me, and in a commanding tone cried:—

" 'Look at it now!!!'

" 'At who?'

" 'At the drawing, of course, foolish!!'

" 'Oh!'

" 'Well, what?'

" 'My opinion?'

" 'Surely—please hurry."

" 'Yes--ahem--yes—y--e--s. Well—it's worse.'

"There was a madcap flutter of skirts. She looked divinely handsome then. A stamp, a crumple, and three weeks' work gone to the waste basket.

"She sat down in a chair. Her first remark was a sob.

" 'See what you've done?'

" 'What? Oh! but you look sweet now!'
"I couldn't help jollying her then, Bob.
" 'Stop!!!'
" 'What lovely cheeks!'
" 'Girls have rights.'
" 'Ha! Yes. Woman's rights all right in this school.'
" 'You maddening fellow.'
" 'Now be good.'
" 'Be good with such treatment from you! Never!!!'
" 'Any rouge on them?'
Then the storm burst and three months have elapsed.

* * * * * * * * *

Just then the night stage drove up. A woman heavily veiled alighted. The orchestra within started up the tune of "The Runaway Girl," and as the stage departed down the road the dying refrain from the driver's lips caught the mountain breeze.

"She's only a wandering artist girl,
Flirting her time away,
She's only a pretty artist girl,
Is she here to stay?"

"Why, 'doc,' how pale you suddenly look!"
"Yes, Bob, I don't feel well. Bob, pay this at the desk and tell the porter to have my grip at the depot for the 10.30 to the Profile House. He'll find it all packed in my room. Hurry, Bob, for God's sake, hurry!"

Frederick W. Ried.

A Titleless Jumble

Among my souvenirs of that memorable social event, which took place on April 21, is a tangle of dangling odds and ends of conversation. For the amusement of the reader (and my personal safety, as well) I leave it to him to guess the sex of the various speakers.

"Well, here we are. What? O, no, indeed, I don't mind being late. (He might have been more prompt! And they talk of girls primping! I just hate to miss the least bit of this.) Yes, everyone looks lovely. Who? The girl in blue? No, I don't know her name, she isn't ——"

"Been presented?"

"No, we haven't."

"Come along, then."

"We're supposed to grin cheerfully, eh?"

"Oh, of course."

"Jehoshaphat!——I beg your pardon, but I was standing on that young woman's gown. She never noticed though! Whew!"

"And who is the little man?"

"Mr. Munsell. There's no one like him. No matter how tired he may be, he has a smile for each one, always. You should hear him in the studio. A play on words, a clever anecdote, a criticism that hits the nail on the head, a bit of pathos, often suiting action to word, oh, it's a treat!"

"Doesn't E—— look sweet?"

"Not half so sweet as you!"

"Impudence! I didn't ask you here to say such things. Besides, you're nothing but a big Hypocrite!"

"I say, now———"

"I beg your pardon! I'm very sorry."

Very sweetly, "Oh, that's all right!" Aside furiously, "Big booby! Clown! My dress is ruined!"

"What on earth makes 'em wear such trails?" mopping his dejected brow.

"Who are these individuals stalking about so majestically?"

"They are the Glee Club boys. You'll hear their melodious voices anon."

"Wig? Nonsense! That's his own hair. His name is Richard Andrew. A fine teacher, though considerably younger than the other instructors. He makes up for that in dignity. Some call him 'Dickie.' I didn't like it a bit at first."

"Indeed!"

"No. That was my canary bird's name, he had just died. The gentleman next to him is Mr. George Vesper George. Odd name? Yes. He is a very popular instructor. His pet aversion is—gramaphones. He———"

"Why, where have you two been?"

"We've—we've—oh, we've been looking at the drawings downstairs."

"Yes, yes. Fine collection you have here."

"Girls, or pictures, Mr. D——?"

"Oh, I don't know. You can't judge from appearances. I grant you the girl is good looking, but as a dancer, ye gods! I ought to know, just danced with her. For myself, I think filling out the orders saves us a lot of trouble."

"Well, you're not of my taste———"

"Yes, Mr. Bartlett and Mrs. Wells. Which one? That is Miss

Blake. She's just lovely! Next to her is dear Miss Bailey. I don't mind being scolded by her at all. Oh, did you have Mr. Jepson? So did I! He's great! The instructor at the end is Mr. Major. How? Yes, same one who exhibits at the Art Club. Stern? Mm—mm—yes—he generally looks that way, a very kind man at heart, though you might deem that spot difficult to reach from his aspect. The young woman at his side is his wife. Lucky man? I agree with you."

"My football training has stood me in good stead. I penetrated into the thick of the fight. Behold! Here's the cream!"

"Er,—G——, there's something I want to tell you. I can't help it, you look so sweet tonight———"

"Thank you, F——, I'm glad to know I don't look a fright. We always try to look our best."

"I—er—never have the chance to see you alone———"

"What! You don't call this alone, with all these solemn-looking couples in every available so-called 'cozy corner'?"

"Well, no, not exactly, but they can't hear what I———"

"Oh, yes, they can. Indeed, I believe there's someone directly behind this screen."

"Then let's go out in the corridor."

"It's too cool out there."

"G———!"

"Listen! Yes, that is the next waltz. (Thank goodness!) I must go, I can't 'cut,' you know."

"Of course, certainly not, yes. (Hang my luck!)"

"The whole affair is a success. No fault to find with anything, excepting, perhaps, the cream."

"How so?"

"It gave out too soon."

In the cloak room, stifling yawns.

"Oh, dear. I'll never get into my things, L——, do help me, I'm dead tired! Seems as if I should drop!"

A moment later, very brightly, "Oh, no, I'm not at all fatigued, I could keep right on dancing. I'm glad you liked it, Mr. N——."

* * * * * *

Marginal note.—The boys and girls come to the dance with a fine veneer of pleasant looks and flawless tempers. Beware! "Colors seen by candle-light do not look the same by day." On the other hand, is it not "truly meet and just, right and salutary" that we appear at our best (inner and outer self both in holiday attire) on these festive occasions?—Aemir.

Interesting Spots in Boston

You have been attending this school now for some time. Have you visited all the interesting spots in Boston?

Have you been in the old state house at the head of State street? In the historic chambers where royal governors, with their councils, discussed the unquiet times, and where later the continental committee managed the affairs of the young state, are countless relics of this early day.

Have you seen the circle of paving stones in front of this building, which marks the spot where the Boston massacre occurred?

Have you visited the new State House; seen its Hall of Battle Flags, its gallery of paintings, and climbed to the cupola above its gilded dome where Boston like a map lies spread below?

Have you sat in Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty," and drank in the atmosphere of that place where such men as Samuel Adams and James Otis were wont to thrill their hearers with their calls for Independence?

Have you entered the Old South Church and imagined you saw the impassioned Mohawks burst forth in their unconventional garb for Boston's first "Afternoon Tea"?

Have you explored Atlantic avenue, seen where "Old Ironsides" was launched, where the Boston Tea Party was held; or the North End, with Paul Revere's old home (now an Italian shop), the Old North Church, where the warning lanterns were hung, and the countless narrow streets and alleys of the old town, unequaled for their picturesqueness, and—their dirt?

Are you conversant with the Charlestown Navy Yard, its Naval Museum, its ancient buildings, and "Old Ironsides," the ship which first made us respected on the seas, and where many of our boyhood's heroes fought and died?

Have you ascended the 284 steps in Bunker Hill Monument, and wondered if you would ever ascend to such a mental height?

Have you attended Sunday services in the old King's Chapel on Tremont street and, stiffly propped on the hard old seats, craned your neck to see the preacher in his elevated perch, while you ceased to wonder that the men who survived repeated ordeals like this should become famous?

If you have enjoyed all these experiences you have seen something of Old Boston, but very little. A sense of reverence for our forefathers' life and struggles fits us the better to appreciate the privileges which the state they founded is giving to us —Uncle Martin.

The Glee Club Concert

The social event of this month was the concert given by the school glee club, during the evening of May 11. This is the first year that a glee club has been organized, and it is a great credit to the school.

The hall was well filled by an enthusiastic audience, which thoroughly appreciated each selection on the programme. Excellent taste was shown in the arrangement of rugs, hangings, palms, and vases. Our school is well adapted for social functions, but Mr. Ried and his committee certainly made it much more attractive than usual.

The young men sang well, and are to be congratulated upon the success of their first concert. They have good voices, but even then it has taken a great deal of hard, patient work to accomplish such results. The prettiest songs were: "I long for Thee," "Serenade," and "Kentucky Babe." The melody in these selections was particularly soft and harmonious. "Onward" was sung with the proper march spirit, and "Dried Apple Pies" caused much mirth. "Our Tom—the Cat with the Baritone Voice" was a great surprise to the audience, and was the sensation of the evening. The song was unique, to say the least. It was well sung, "miaoued" and acted. The white tomb-stone decorated with the large red roses was a work of art—in its special way—and caused mirth, instead of sorrow, to the audience.

The 'cello solos were fine, and Miss Haynes certainly understands her instrument. She not only has good technique, but plays with great expression; which is a rare combination.

Mr. Perry's readings were well selected, showing his range of expression, and were delivered with power. He has a talent for reading, and held the entire attention of his audience.

The "quartette" was a surprise, and thoroughly appreciated.

The violin solos by Mr. Stebbins were fine. He handled his instrument well, playing with good execution, and with much feeling.

Another pleasant, unexpected feature of the concert was the short, tactful speech of Mr. Bartlett, congratulating the Glee Club upon their success. Our principal certainly appreciates talent and good work, and is always the first to encourage those who deserve commendation.

After the concert, the floor was quickly cleared for dancing, which lasted until twelve. The floor was good, and the orchestra played with spirit. There was plenty of cold, refreshing punch, and the "cozy room" was very attractive. All these things made the dance a great success, and the last waltz came altogether too soon. Each person went away, feeling that it had been an unusually pleasant time for every one.

Lucy Choate Pew.

Art News

Laura Marie Marceau.

"As among books, so among pictures, the best names are almost always a safe guide-board pointing the way to a Palace Beautiful, whose windows look out towards the Delectable Mountains."

An exhibition of mediaeval and renaissance armor is on view at the Museum. It is loaned by a Boston collector, whose name is withheld. This fascinating collection will probably be on exhibition for several months.

The catalogue of the Architectural Club's exhibition is one of the most elaborate and satisfactory of recent years.

Mrs. Theo Ruggles-Kitson is progressing rapidly with her "minute-man" statue, which is to go on the Common at Framingham.

William J. Kaula and Mrs. Kaula will have vacation classes in landscape painting at Essex during the summer months.

Pupils of the veteran artist, M. N. Bartholomew (for so many years instructor of drawing in the Boston public schools), were greatly interested in an exhibition of his pencil drawings, which was opened at the gallery of Foster Brothers.

William Anderson Coffin's exhibit of paintings at Mr. Vose's gallery will probably last through the month. The collection embraces landscapes in the western part of Pennsylvania.

Boston artists contributed liberally to the water-color exhibition held at the Chicago Art Institute. Among others are Louis Kronberg, H. D. Murphy, Dwight Blaney, Charles H. Woodbury, Marcia Oakes Woodbury, and Lilla Cabot Perry; an interesting indication of the extent to which our painters are now sending things all over the country. Several Boston artists have shipped contributions to the Richmond (Va.) Art Club Show.

The first American photographic salon will be held at the Clausen galleries, New York, December 5-17, under the auspices of the Salon of America and the Metropolitan Camera Club of New York.

David Watson Stevenson, the sculptor, died recently in Edinburgh, Scotland.

There are in this country several notable collections of interesting objects, large and small, from the classic lands. The number of large-sized authentic statues is, nevertheless, small. Undoubtedly the most notable single Greek original in the United States is the statue of Meleager, deposited not long ago in the Fogg Museum of Art of Harvard University.

Exchanges

It is nearing the end of the school year, and every one is busy with examinations and "certificate sheets." But remember that the school paper doesn't run itself. It needs your support now more than ever. The last numbers should show a marked improvement and increase of skill and activity.

The Lowell Textile Journal has always a valuable store of information. It is as good as an elective course in textile manufacture. An interesting story of the origin of our commonly-used spools of cotton thread is given in the April number. We would advise students in the design class to read the articles given on color combinations.

As soon as the Drury Academe comes, we turn to the school notes, which are always bright, while the "Dru" is a source of amusement in personifying school interest.

We are glad to see that the Senior, Westerly, R. I., has used heavier paper in its last numbers. It is a great improvement, and lifts it above the appearance of a local newspaper.

We know that the CENTER OF VISION is small. But it is evidently large enough for a monthly, full-page exchange column to be lost to sight. We hope the exchange editor of the Boone High School paper, Iowa, may succeed in finding it.

Exchanges comment upon the manner of sending the papers. Some suggest folding, others rolling, and others sending them flat in envelopes. The latter is certainly by far the best way, and should be adopted as soon as the finances allow. But rolling is a trial to the patience of every reader.

The Cambridge Latin and High School Review is one of our best exchanges. The April number contains an excellent article on "Airships," besides well told stories. The headings are original, and the cover design daintily appropriate for spring.

Many pleas have been made for devoting the exchange column to criticisms alone. Again we say make a separate column for exchange fun.

We are delighted to see the Somerville Radiator again. We feel that we have lost much in its failures to reach its destination. It is the Mecca of all struggling editors. Your "friends" do not use rose-colored glasses, Radiator, and if you have unkind critics, they must use a magnifying glass to find the glaring faults you say exist. But one's ideal must always exceed one's accomplishment.

Diverging Rays

A fool, a barber, and a bald-headed man were traveling together. Losing their way, they were obliged to sleep in the open air, and, to avert danger, it was agreed to watch by turns. The lot fell on the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the poor fool's head while he was sleeping. He then woke him, and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed, "Here's a pretty mistake; you have awakened the bald-headed man instead of me."—Ex.

Doctor ((to Pat's wife), after examining Pat, who has been run down by an auto: "Madam, I fear your husband is dead."

Pat (feebly)—"No, I ain't dead yet."

Pat's Wife—"Hush, Pat, the gentleman knows better than you."—Ex.

Druggist—"Well, what do you want, my lad?"

Smart Boy—"You'll find the smell in the bottle, and I want five cents' worth of it."—Ex.

Captain (to awkward squad)—"When I say 'Halt!' put the foot that is on the ground beside the foot that is in the air, and remain motionless."—Ex.

"There was a grass widow quite proper,
Who was formerly married to Hopper,
But he got a divorce,
As a matter of course,
And the widow is now a grasshopper." —Ex.

A Japanese Ad

A bookseller in Tokio, desiring to sell his wares, advertised them in the newspapers:—

The advantages of our establishment:—

1. Prices cheap as a lottery.
2. Books as elegant as a singing girl.
3. Print clear as crystal.
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5. Customers treated as politely as by the rival steamship companies.
6. Articles as plentiful as in a library.
7. Goods despatched as expeditiously as a cannon ball.
8. Parcels done up with as much care as that bestowed on her husband by a loving wife.
9. All defects, such as dissipation and idleness, will be cured in young people paying us frequent visits, and they will become solid men.
10. The other advantages we offer are too many for language to express.

CLASS NOTES

Olive Gage. **1904.** Belle Cameron.

The class held a very important meeting May 4, at which it was decided to hold a banquet, and also a dance, and a committee was elected as follows: Mr. Cann (chairman), Misses Wyman, Jackson, Webber, Cline. The class officers are: Historian, Miss Grosvenor; prophet, Miss Ripley; poet, Mr. Watson.

The day before graduation the Alumni Association will give a reception to the graduating class.

Our Queen Bee told me to behave, and if I couldn't behave to be (e) hive.

Day of composition exam.—First student: "Are you going to use the coarse canvas that gives the misty effect?" Second student—"Well, one thing, I know that I missed the effect last year."

Mr. Dallin says, "Get the plane." But it's plain to be seen I can't do it, and I make no "bones" about it.

The weather has been rather "lowery" lately. A certain student was "Abel" to raise Cain, and turned a little pale (pail) on the stairs, so we closed the door to keep out the dam (p) air. The rippling ripplets rippled, but it is "all-over" now.

LATEST: Roasted lobsters on the radiator. Do you care for them? You do!

We are forming a society for the prevention of cruelty to dumb (?) Cohen.

During the pose, while moistening the clay, a drop landed on the model. "Did you sprinkle Henry? Oh, Grace, and he didn't have his bathing suit on, either!"

Girls, isn't it time for the (next-whirl)? I've had profile all morning.

Incidental observation by a member of the teachers' class. Subject for composition: "What I should like to be when I grow up." "I should like to be, when I grow up, a teacher, because I do not like to get married."

Laura Marceau. **1905.** Rosamond Coolidge.

Nelson! "You're all right," order another gallon.

The library was well decorated; the lights were "all right."

Where is the laggard who has not already gone "a-sketching"?

Cheer up, mates! There are good times coming! Exams galore!

Mr. Major invaded our domains, claimed his own, and made off with the spoils (in the shape of purple silk). "No, there was no blood spilled," says an eye-witness to the tray.

Why should we be kind to a married man? Query of Mr. Munsell's students.

"Enveloping air! Enveloping air!" War-cry of the studio.

Those desiring suggestions for interior decorations and color schemes, address Misses D-w-on and W-n-l-w.

"How are the mighty fallen!" Miss R-g-rs on her pinnacle.

How thick is Whatman's paper? Ask Higgins, E. E. (Erasure expert.)

Only one month more, and then we shall be Seniors. Doesn't that sound big? Shall we be as dignified (?) as the present class? Let us hope so, at least.

The weakly compositions,—pardon me, I mean weekly, of course,—are gradually increasing in quality. Both the sublime and the ridiculous are represented, and every medium used, oils, chalk, pencil, pen, water-colors, charcoal, and in some cases even "brains."

Every one through with models but Hamilton's studio. They began late, but are doing fine work. One interesting study from life, done in that studio, will appear in the June number. It represents "Labor; or, The Staff of Life."

It's funny how thirsty some people are. They frequent the sink all the time, and, having once quenched their thirst, dare not leave the spot, for fear the awful pangs will again attack them. They can stand an awful lot of rubbering, too.

We wish to apologize for the many errors that were noticed in our last number. Some of them we can blame to the printer, some we accept as our own. The mixture of types is an example of the former. The statement that "Miss Florence Cleaves is teaching," etc., is our mistake. Miss Cleaves is no longer teaching.

Anne Rogers. **1906.** Frank Allen.

Problem: If there are five floors of six rooms each, and Mack, our fireman, walks into each room five times a day, six days a week, how long will it take him to walk to St. Louis?

The sketching season is here, and every one in school has the fever bad (and most of the sketches likewise).

We have school clubs without number,—The Glee Club, the Tilers, the Red Cross or Circle affair on the third floor, the white Zu-Zu's, Mutual Admiration (found most anywhere), Mutual Consolation, Pink Tea Association, etc. There is also the Pure Deviltry Club, that did such efficient work during the History of Education lectures, and that crops out every so often. There are other clubs whose names we have been unable to corral, but we hope to hear from each of them next month.

Scraps—scraps—scraps! Plenty of these in Munsell's studio.

Are you going to St. Louis? What! Can't afford it! Well, never mind, Ritchie has a scheme. He's going all the way by canoe. It will take twenty-nine days, and will cost only $1.50 a day. Let's see, 29 x $1.50 equals $43.50. And, by the way, it costs all of $25 to go in the regular way.

Oh, Watson! Watson! What false reports are circulated in thy name! Sensation's middle name is Willie.

Dress suits and red bandannas are enough to kill any respectable cat. No wonder "the roses on his grave are fully grown."

Some of our landscape artists are taking the poet's suggestion, to "hold the mirror up to nature." (Incidentally, the instructor's advice.)

How we do love to study life! If we cannot do it in the studio, then we try "out the window."

A certain room on the second floor is provided for those who are sick—of working. "Misery loves company."

Question: Who knows where "Flutterby Bartlett" and her faithful lieutenant, "the Hunter of the Hallway," work? Any one who has seen them pause five minutes with serious intent, please report.

Pupils can learn of a way to earn a few dollars this week by applying to the business manager.

Before this number appears, the staff for the coming year will have been chosen. The result will be announced in the June number.

Lucy Choate Pew. **1907.** Helen Lyon.

We are all glad to see that the brave example set by Class A in the spring fashions is being followed.

Who made the Glee Club posters? Who made them disappear?

In Miss Bailey's studio:—

"Little drops of water,
Little drops of rain,
Coming from the ceiling,
Make us most insane."
(Proof—our work.) A. B.

Class A has a poet, as well as a palmist and a fashion plate.

When at work in the studio, do not turn around and be too curious. You may get "it" in the eye.

Never leave things around on the desks in Advanced C. They disappear, and the innocent always suffer instead of the guilty.

"Beau Brummell" certainly thinks he is "it" when he walks out for lunch at noon.

"Say, didn't you have a fine time at the dance?"

"Indeed, I did! What a pretty party it was, and how well the boys sang!"

"I wish that we did not have to make out our dance orders beforehand; it is such a nuisance. But if we didn't we should get———"

"Young ladies! What does this mean? The bell has rung, and you ought to be at work! Give me your locker numbers, please, at once."

Those little books must be full by this time. The most frequent offenders ought to club together and make presents of new ones to the teachers, who are obliged to use them.

Some of the students thought that the notice of the last test in drawing and light and shade was a joke. They found that they were mistaken. As a rule, tests are never jokes. If they were, we could be happy in Class A.

Here's hoping you have all your certificates in. The perspective exam is over, but———.

A new member of our class, Miss Pugh!

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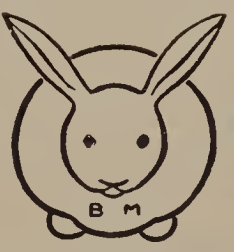

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